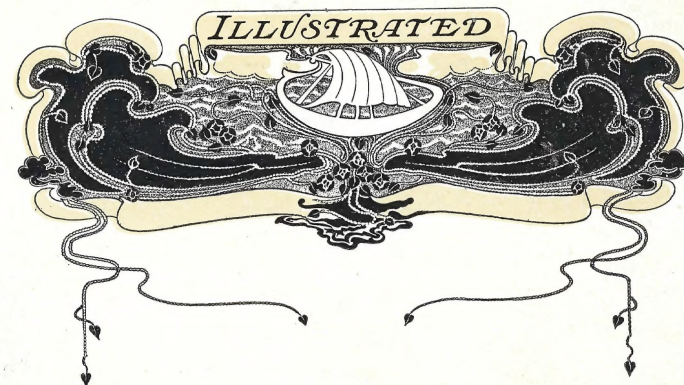


THE MEDITERRANEAN
Illustrated!

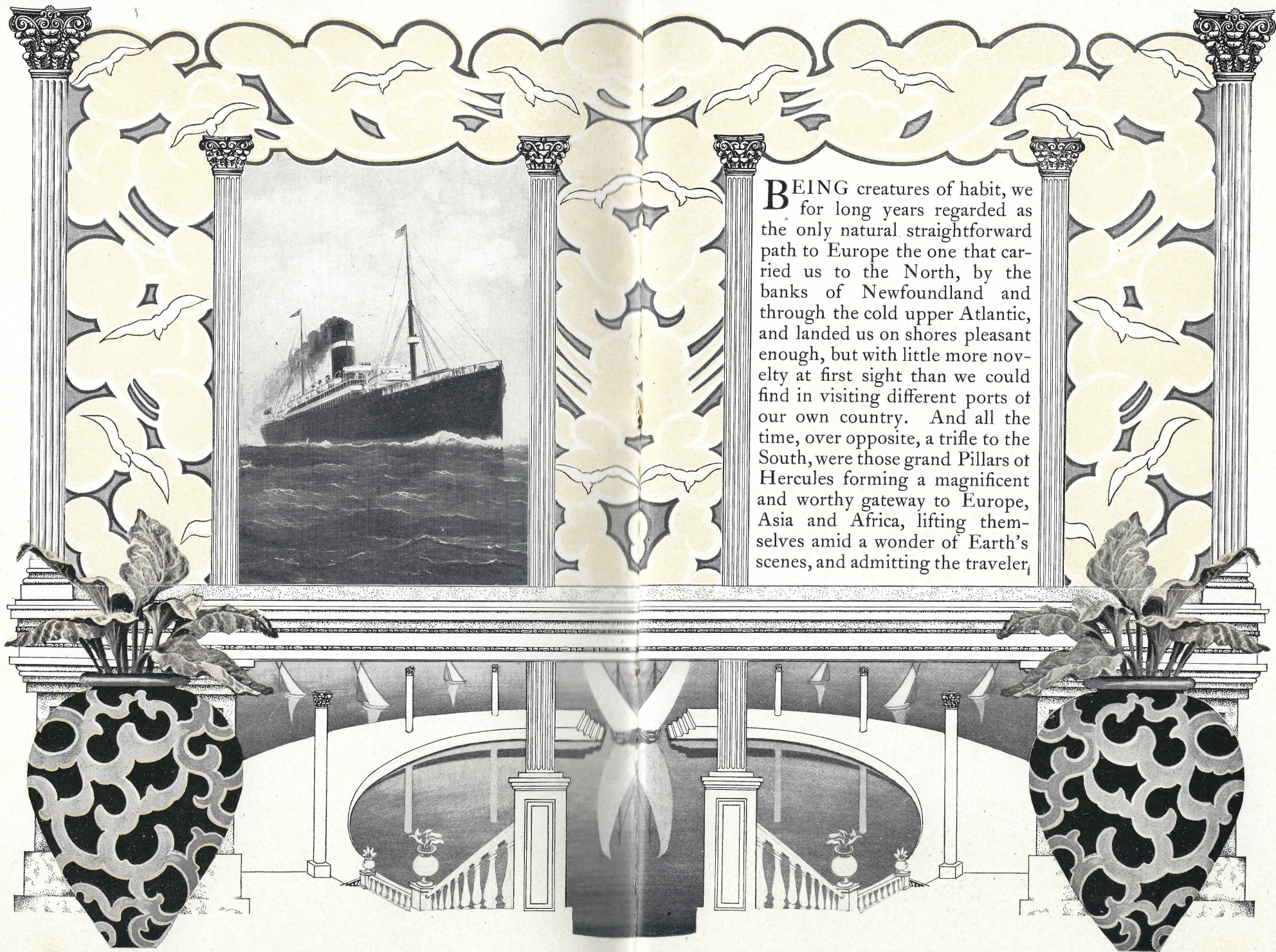


The MEDITERRANEAN

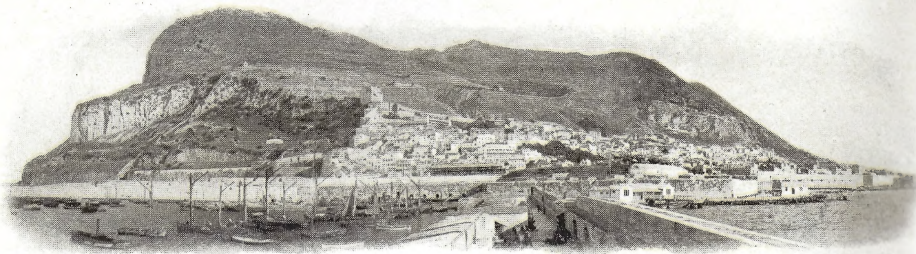


Copyright 1901
BY RICHARDS, MILLS & CO.

COMPLIMENTS OF
F. C. CHURCH & CO.,
1 WEYBOSSET STREET,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.



BEING creatures of habit, we for long years regarded as the only natural straightforward path to Europe the one that carried us to the North, by the banks of Newfoundland and through the cold upper Atlantic, and landed us on shores pleasant enough, but with little more novelty at first sight than we could find in visiting different ports of our own country. And all the time, over opposite, a trifle to the South, were those grand Pillars of Hercules forming a magnificent and worthy gateway to Europe, Asia and Africa, lifting themselves amid a wonder of Earth's scenes, and admitting the traveler,



Gibraltar

directly into the sea of all seas for perfect and varied beauty and rich associations.

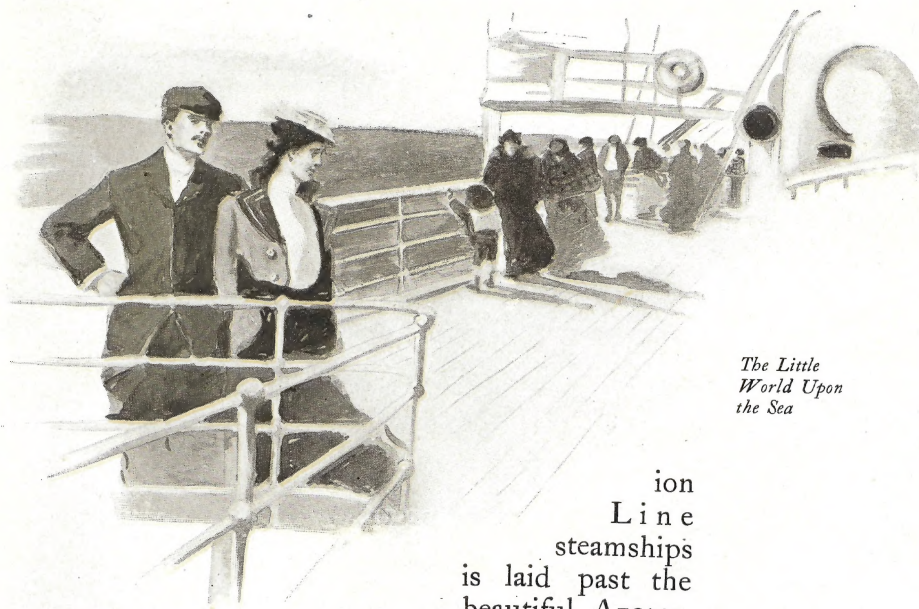
The Dominion Line to Europe, which takes the traveler from Boston to Gibraltar, Genoa, and Naples, is in these days of intelligent travel one of increasing popularity. Almost from the moment the stately vessel heads southeast from the famous old light which marks the entrance of Boston harbor, it is good-bye to fogs, icebergs and the bleak winds belonging to the Northern routes. Starting in the winter season and in a blizzard is a matter of indifference when one knows that he is setting out for a quick meeting with the summer. The traveler turns from ice and snow and the commonplace, and thinks of the lush green of the chestnuts, the stately rise of the palms and aloes, the picturesqueness and vari-coloredness of the street life in the ancient Mediterranean towns, the glory of the past that



*Outside
the
Gates
at
Tangier*



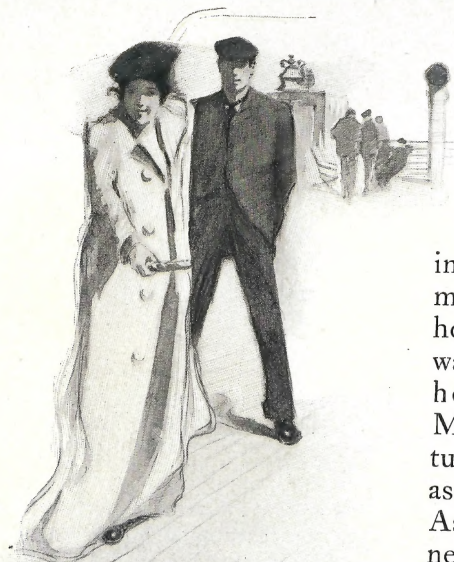
Rome and Athens hold in their mighty ruins, and the grace of a later era so freely present in the Italian heritage of the renaissance. A little beyond midway between the shores of America and Southern Europe the course of the Domin-



*The Little
World Upon
the Sea*

ion
Line
steamships
is laid past the
beautiful Azores,
near enough to give the voyagers a glimpse of these wonderfully picturesque little worlds so far away from shores of either continent.

The first stop of the Dominion Line ships is at Gibraltar, the ideal entrance to Europe.

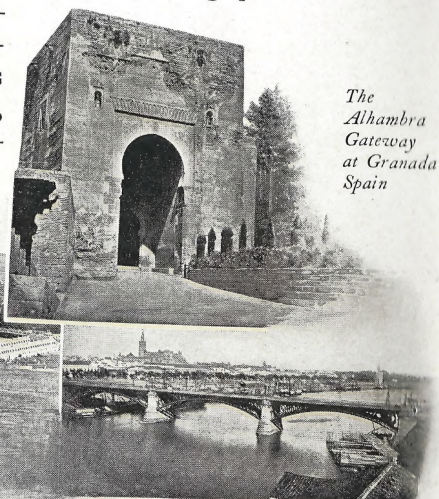


*Passing
the Hours
at Play*

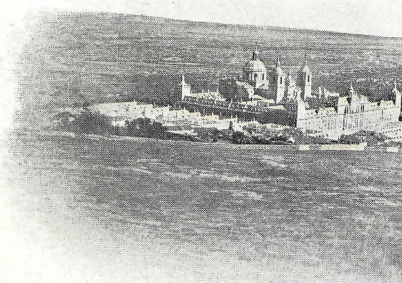
The long hours of sailing down the Spanish coast are in sight of noble shores, and mountains ranging off to the horizon, of white towns at the water's edge set between the headlands crowned by the Moorish watch towers, structures never out of sight as long as it is Spain, the ship coasts by. As the Pillars of Hercules are neared, the views increase in impressiveness. The sterile mountains of Africa loom up rugged in outline and beautiful

in the play of light and shade across their precipitous slopes and vast chasms. Tangier, the nearest African town, a white, walled city, where the lofty mountains seem to just

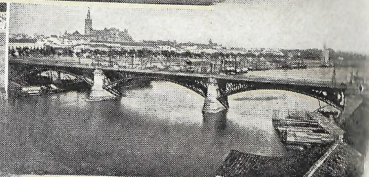
leave it room between the rock and the sea. Tetuan, a town of peculiarly Moorish characteristics, lies around a corner, and Ceuta, place of Spanish prisons, holds a jutting point between. What elsewhere would be imposing fortifications are seen at Ceuta, but these are as noth-



*The
Alhambra
Gateway
at Granada
Spain*



The Escorial



*Seville from
the Triana*



*Monaco
by-the-Sea*

ing when, having rounded Europa Point, we come in sight of Gibraltar on the Northern shore, facing its mating pillar, the Mountain of the Apes, on the African side of the strait. The "Shining Rock" is here the fortress itself as Nature piled it up on the outside, while man has burrowed it into many galleries within. On the lower slopes lies the rambling, climbing town of twenty thousand inhabitants, the narrow picturesque streets noisy in numerous tongues. The garrison, the English residents, tourists from everywhere, Africans, Asiatics, buyers, sellers, and loiterers, people black, white, and brown, mingle at Gibraltar in a matter-of-fact way. During the hours that the steamship waits, one can climb through miles of galleries, and satisfy the mind as to the hold Great Britain has on this guardian of the Mediterranean. Where the Rock is most towering and steep a narrow causeway runs from its foot over into Spanish territory, and is a busy way in contrast to the strip of neutral ground with

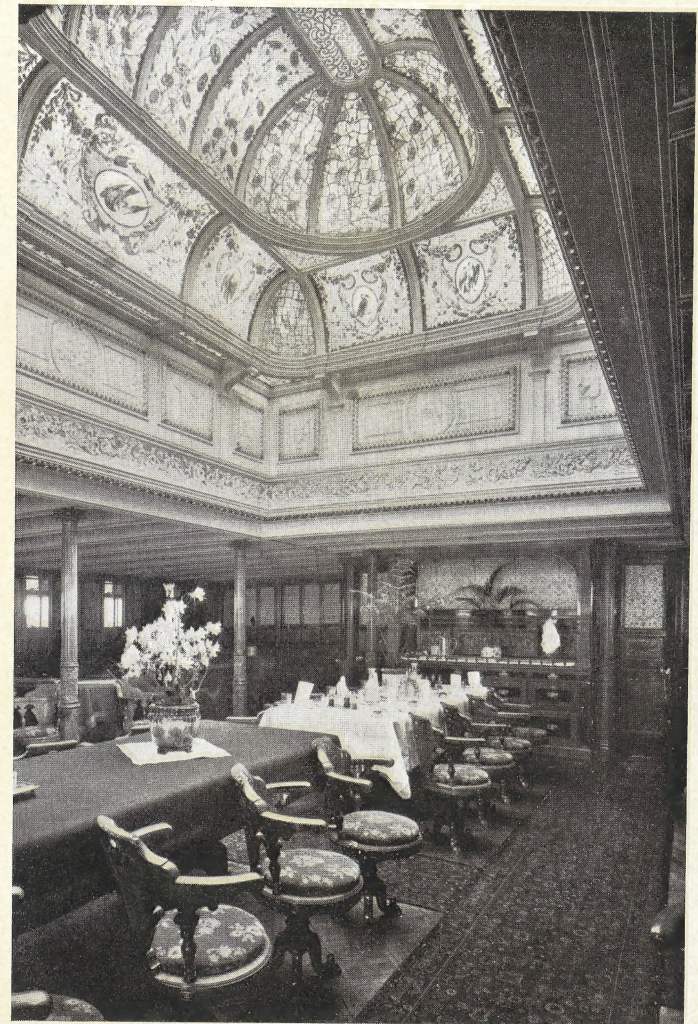
novel sky lines, and white-robed men and veiled women as the chief moving figures on the stage. It is to Tetuan, where the Moor is more by himself, and to Fez, following the caravan track, that we go to get Moorish life unaffected by Northern civilization.

From Gibraltar to the treasure places of Spain the way is short. The Dominion Line brings within a comparatively few days of Boston, Granada and its incomparable Alhambra, Seville with its glorious architecture and entrancing Murillo canvases, Madrid and the Velasquez masterpieces, Toledo and its cathed-

dral, and the vast magnificence of the Escorial. By the Dominion Line to the South, the way is as easy to the halls of the Abencerrages and the buildings enriched by the Moors with mazes of columns and graceful arches and exquisite lace-like ornamentation, as it is by Northern lines to the



*A
Morning's
Constitutional*



*The
Dining Saloon
of a
Dominion Liner*



*Dinner
is Ready*

more familiar English and Scotch castles and cathedrals.

The voyage thus far is certain to have been a delightful one, for the steamships of the Dominion Line are among the most notable of modern vessels. The twin screw "Commonwealth" is a colossal ship, 600 feet in length, 60 feet in breadth, and has a tonnage of 13,000 gross register. She was constructed in 1900 at the famous yards of Belfast, and embodies all the best marine construction of modern days. Her state-rooms, all of which have the added convenience of a large wardrobe, are so large and well arranged and the ventilation so perfect that one would not have to stretch the imagination far to think himself in some modern hotel. There are several chambers *de luxe*, which are ideally furnished and arranged for making the voyage across the trackless sea in comfort and luxury. The dining room



The Harbor of Naples



*Amid
Pompeii's
Ruins*

Vesuvius



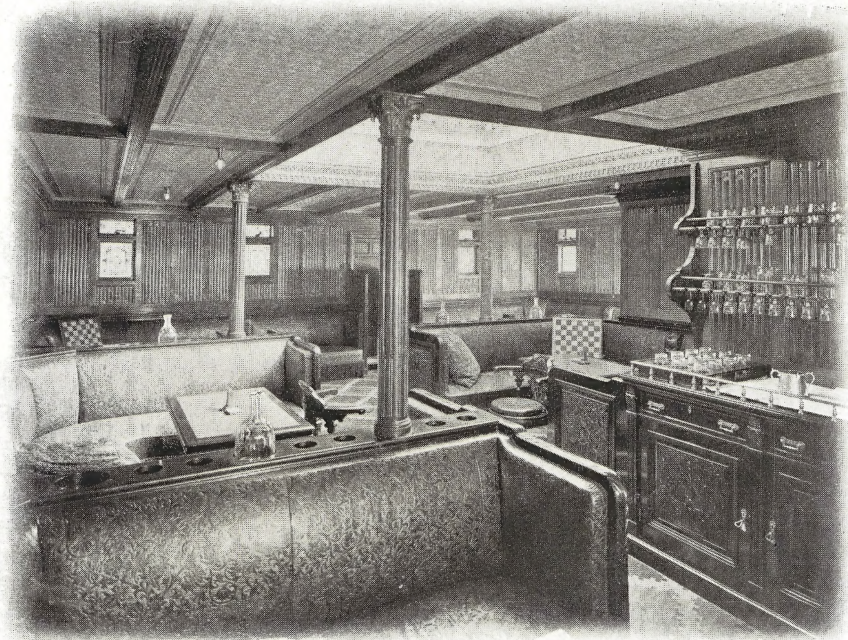
*Triumphal
Arch
Naples*

is a royal apartment, splendidly lighted by the beautiful dome over its center and large square windows on three sides. It has seating accommodations for two hundred passengers, and the *cuisine* is maintained by the experts in charge at the highest standard of the leading metropolitan hotels. The pantries and immense kitchen are so located that no odors, so disagreeable in many ships, are ever noticed. The smoking room, the library, with its cozy corners and liberal supply of books, the beautiful reception room, and every portion of the ship designed for accommodation of passengers is

*Naples from
the Bay*

charming in decoration, spacious and inviting. The Southern route to Europe even during the winter months affords opportunity for the enjoyment of much out-of-door life, and the broad promenade decks of the Dominion Liners are greatly enjoyed. In addition to the promenade deck, the arrangement of the ship is such as to allow a large portion of the upper deck to be used by passengers for games and recreation.

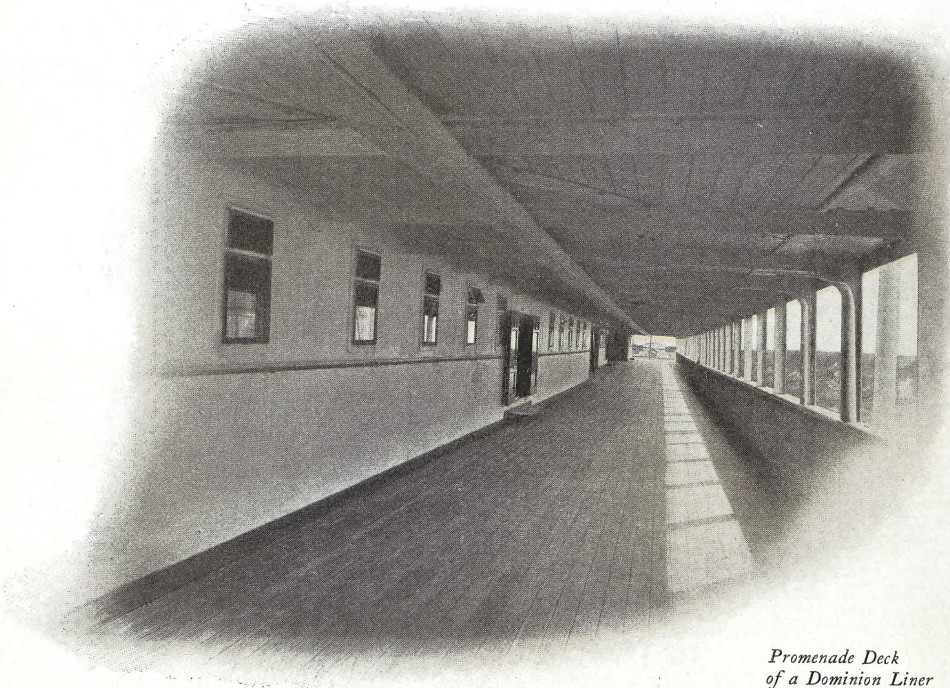
The safety of the Dominion Line ships has been carefully looked after in every point. They all have double bottoms and many bulkheads by which the ship is divided into watertight compartments. These would positively prevent serious results in case of collision, as by them the water which might get into the ship is restricted to the one compartment



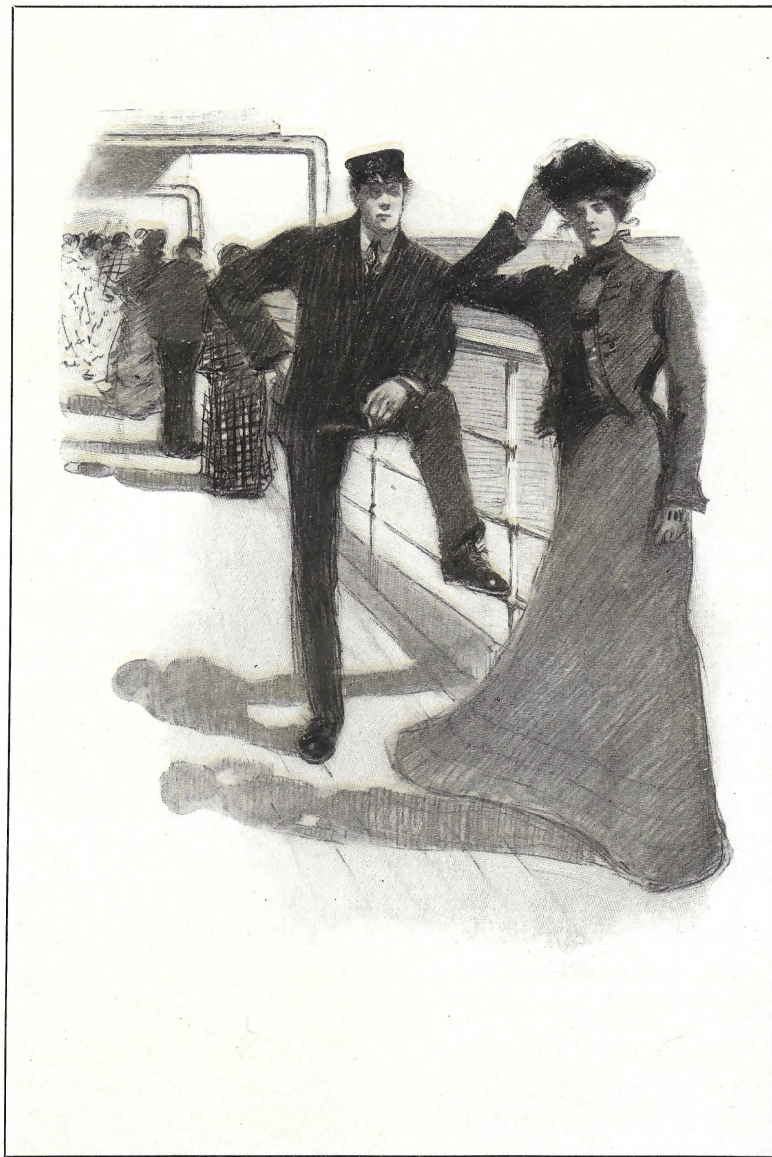
*A Dominion
Liner
Smoking Room*

injured—and even if some of these should be filled the boat could still proceed.

The course of the Dominion Line ships from Gibraltar is directly through the Mediterranean to Naples. A well-known traveler has said that it was worth the voyage across the Atlantic simply to enjoy the magnificent panorama of the far-famed bay of this interesting city. It is a great thing for the tourist to get, as an incident of the trip, this best that the Mediterranean holds. And Naples is far and away the best, however beautiful and novel other shores may seem at times. There is



*Promenade Deck
of a Dominion Liner*



Two Days Out

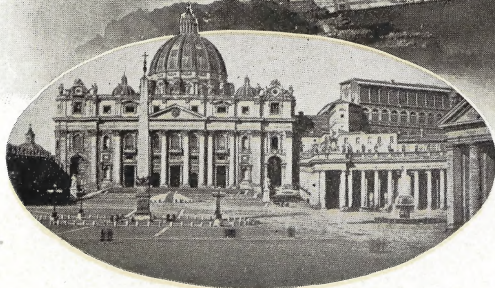


*The Magnificent Steamship "Commonwealth"
of the Dominion Line*

nowhere in the world the combination of sea and mountain and island scenery that is discovered as the steamship enters between glorious Ischia and Capri. The noble bay with its straight walls of cliffs and sun-lit cities, the jutting promontories, the lovely indentations, the hosts of towns and villages at the water edge, on the cliff tops and up the mountain sides, the smoking volcano rising green and graceful, the peaceful plain of the buried city, the grand mountain lines beginning near the sea and piling up in shadowy peaks in the background, all make a scene thrillingly beautiful. And to this there is added the charm thrown by history and mythology about a region where the old Greek temples still stand, only less majestic than those of Athens, and where the marks of a luxurious Roman age are everywhere present in the ruins of baths and tombs and temples and villa walls. There is another charm, and a subtle one, in the thought of the unusual force, one given to strange man-



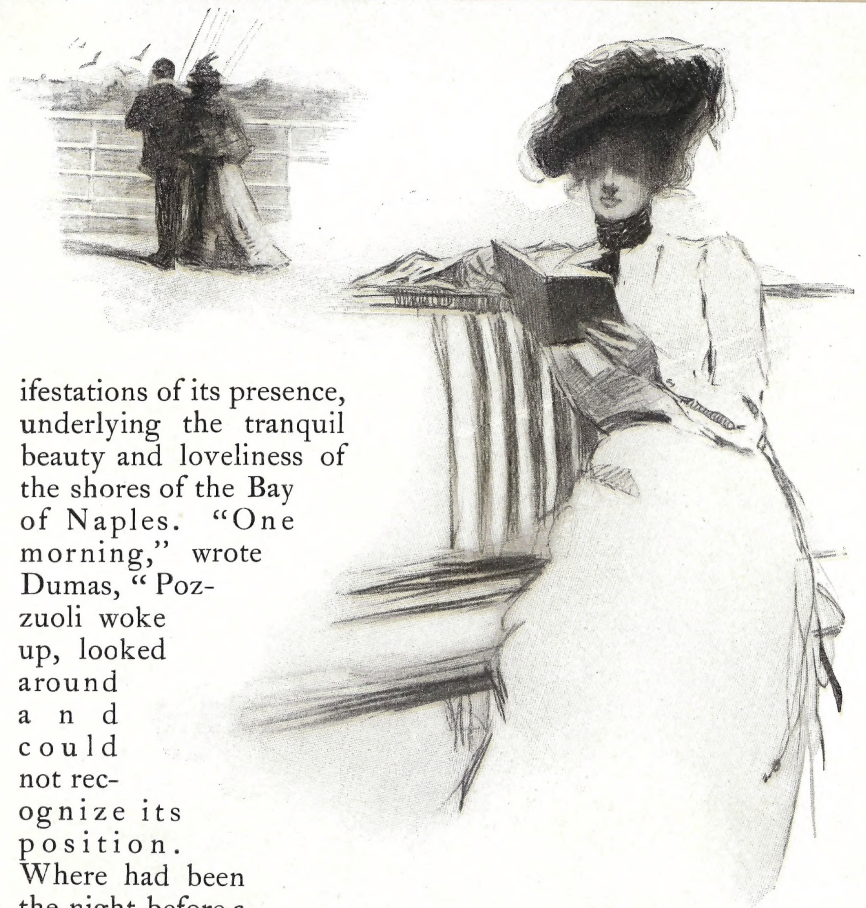
The Forum



St. Peter's, Rome

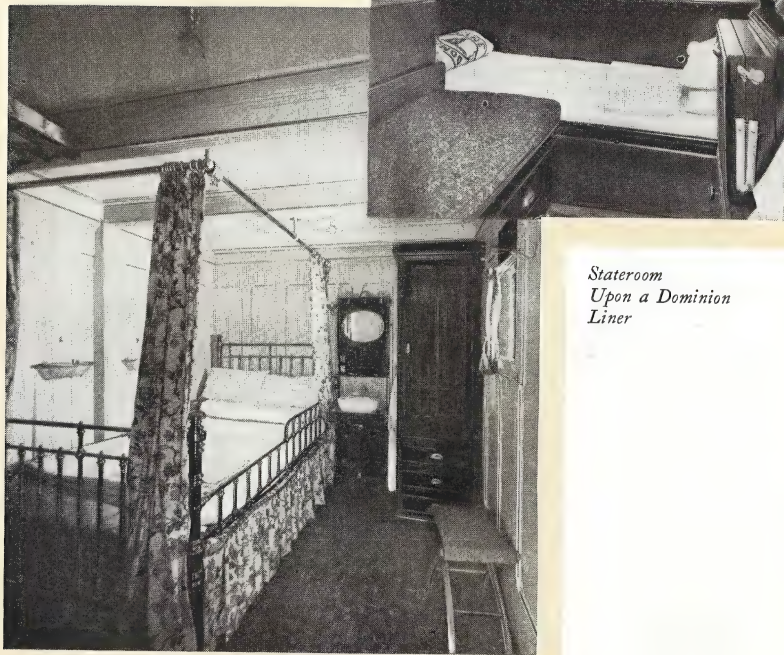
ifestations of its presence, underlying the tranquil beauty and loveliness of the shores of the Bay of Naples. "One morning," wrote Dumas, "Pozzuoli woke up, looked around and could not recognize its position. Where had been the night before a lake, was now a mountain."

Naples is found clean, fresh, and largely rebuilt in the old quarters once the joy of the artist and the utter despair of the respector of modern ideas of civilization. Naples is a great commercial city, but this fact is hidden from the casual visitor by the fascination of the gay



*Communing
With Baedeker*

Neapolitan temperament seeking amusement in the highways, and making the busiest of them playgrounds and living places where all the details of homely family life go on with complete indifference to publicity. The museum here has no rival in the possession of such rare works of art as the antique bronzes of Herculane-



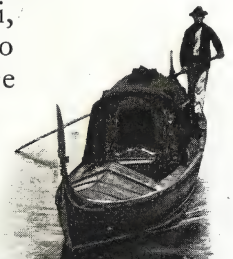
*Stateroom
Upon a Dominion
Liner*

Cabin de Luxe



*After
Breakfast*

eum and Pompeii. Stabiae and Cumae have also contributed from excavations made on these old sites, and from palaces and crown collections there has been brought together a store of art almost hopeless in extent. The drives in the environs of Naples are unending in their grand views and rich historical interest. Vesuvius offers the experience of a lifetime to one who tries to look into its seething crater. Herculaneum and Pompeii call with the voices of those so long gone from earth, and whose homes have been so strangely and well preserved that to-day we can enter into the life nineteen centuries back of us. To Baiae and Pozzuoli, and by Torre del Greco and Castellamare on to Sorrento by the road cut across the cliff face





*One of Cairo's
Mosques*

where the blue waters look up through the gray of olives, to Amalfi, to Paestum with the magnificent Greek temples, over to the mountain islands of Ischia and Capri, to a host of other famous and rare places, the visitor in Naples is tempted. Rome herself, mistress of art lovers, is only a few hours distant. The traveler

direct from American shores finds in Naples a satisfying landing port for Southern Italy and for the Eastern Mediterranean.

From Naples to Alexandria the sail is intensely interesting, and the Dominion Line service embraces several sailings to this port during the tourist season. The flat shores of the coast of this varied and entrancing sea, as found in the vicinity of Alexander's city, with only the groups of palms rising against the low Egyptian sky, are in strong contrast to the

mountainous coasts of the Western Mediterranean. As the Pillar of Pompey is seen, in approaching Alexandria, the traveler feels as never before

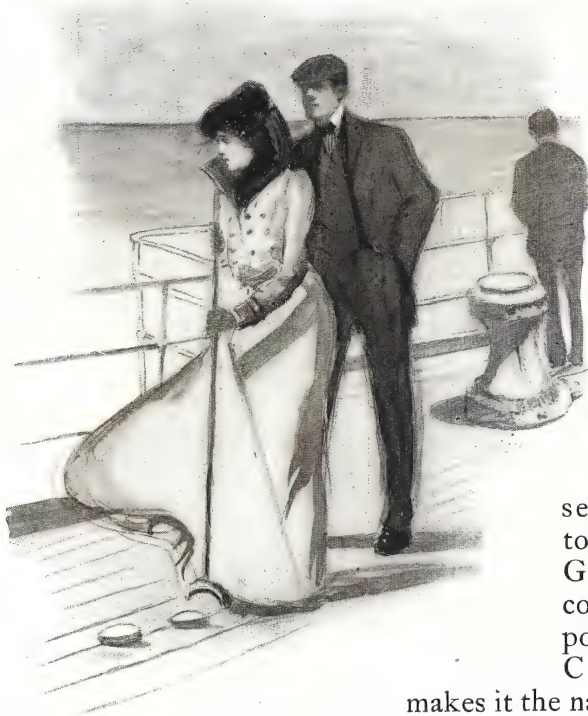


*Looking toward
the Pyramids*

*The Citadel
and Tomb of the
Mamelukes, Cairo*



the influence of the old, old life belonging to this strange land through which he is to pass to the weird plains "where the Sphinx smiles on o'er the desert dust at the tombs that forever and ever stand, and the papyrus rots in the mummy must." Egypt, Athens, Constantinople and the Golden Horn, and the Sweet Waters of Asia, are brought within a comparatively short range of us by the Dominion Line carrying its passengers so far into the domains of the other World before they leave its luxurious vessels, and the charm of a sea voyage is ended.



*The Same
Old Game*

With the exception of a few trips during the height of the tourist season, the Dominion Line steamers proceed from Naples direct to "Genoa the superb," and one arriving by sea is not inclined to dispute the title. Genoa is another commercial city, its position so close to

Central Europe makes it the natural outlet for the products of the Rivas, for Northern Italy, Switzerland and beyond. The same reason makes it the natural landing place for the districts the American has most in mind when thinking of foreign travel, but which are found distant points when Europe is entered from the North. Genoa itself has much to hold the traveler. No other Italian city can compare with it in the number and beauty of its renaissance palaces with their imposing façades sometimes in noble curves to fit the winding streets, and with their sculptured por-



At Port Said

tals leading to courts fairly ablaze with rich Southern vegetation. From the streets of fine architecture the narrow lanes of the people run up and down full of a Southern life very attractive in its warmth and picturesque oddity. In the near neighborhood of Genoa is one of the best of the Italian gardens that have come to us from a luxury-loving age. It is the villa Pallavicini, and the visitor may wander for hours in such scenes of artificial beauty as Virgil and Pliny have written of.

But Genoa is chiefly important to the traveler as an entrance to Europe. On either side



*Alexandria
Egypt*



*The Harbor
of Genoa*

the railways pass along the coasts through regions of unsurpassing beauty and verdure. To the west it is through tunnels and along cliffs, under mountains and over smiling plains that the short run is made to Pegli and San Remo, to Bordigherra and its palm forests, and across the French line to Mentone and on to Nice and Cannes. Monaco and Monte Carlo, grievously wicked and ecstatically beautiful, are on the route. "I am Monaco on a rock by the shore; I neither sow nor reap, but all the same I mean to eat," goes the old saying

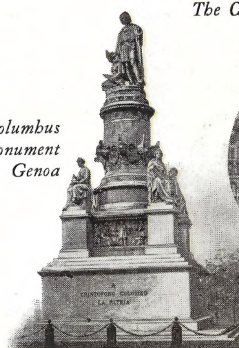
of the tiny principality whose people pay neither taxes nor dues, but live on the profits of the gaming tables.

All these shores are mountain lines with precipitous lower ranges rising abruptly from the blue Mediterranean and running out in a wilderness of enchanting headlands and rocky peninsulas. The vegetation has caused the region to be spoken of as Little Africa. It is a mixture of the semi-tropical growth native to the Northern shores of the sea and of purely tropical importations. The olive tree here grows to a size and height that make it truly royal. The Riviera is one vast orchard of orange and lemon. The palm, the cypress, the long-stemmed aloe, the floating umbrella pine, the cactus, the oleander, are everywhere

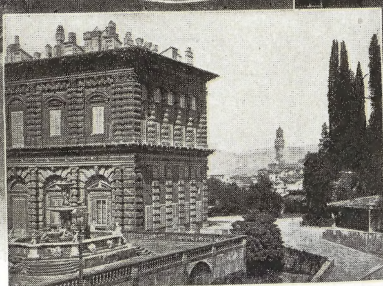


*The Second Cabin
Dining Saloon of a
Dominion Liner*

*The Columbus
Monument
Genoa*



*The Cathedral
Milan*



*At
Florence*

in profusion. The exotics straying from Grecian and African shores are as much at home as are the Northern pines on the higher mountains. Nature has given the Riviera special affection, and man has brought to it the flora of all climes, and from ancient days has filled it with royal pleasure houses and wonderful gardens. Now it is the winter resort of half luxurious Europe, and more and more are Americans finding the way to it by the direct sail from Boston to Genoa.

To the East of Genoa the Italian Riviera is scarcely less attractive in scenery and vegetation. The road is literally hewn through the cliffs, with constant openings giving bewildering glimpses of the deep blue sea and lateen

sails. The curiously - painted houses of the lace-makers and the coral-fishers are nestled in gorges where the streams have cut outlets, and here are the hotels and the country villas. The road goes by Spezzia, the war harbor and the finest seaport of Italy, through the marble mountains of the Appennines with the Carrara quarries conspicuous, by Viareggio beloved of Shelley, "heart of hearts, in 1822 drowned in this sea, consumed by fire on this shore," and on to Pisa with the quiet green field where the Cathedral, Campanile, Baptistery and Campo Santo stand, making, perhaps, the most beautiful group of buildings in existence.



*A Noonday
Siesta on the
Desert*

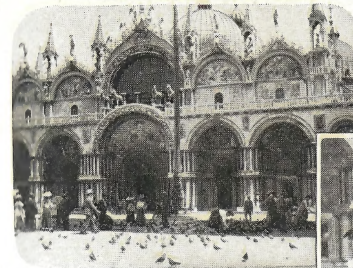


The Ship's Library

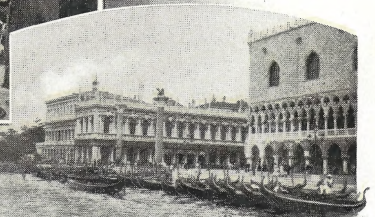
From Genoa, Milan and its splendid cathedral and rare pictures are five hours distant. Lake Como is but little beyond, the long, narrow, irregular length of blue water, bordered by mountain heights, looked down upon by eternal snows, and edged with villas and fragrant gardens, and pretty villages, each with its slender campanile. Lakes Lugano and Maggiore, Como's charming neighbors, are unsurpassed for loveliness and intensely interesting associations.

The traveler landing at Genoa can find himself the next day floating in the opal atmosphere of Venice, the old City of the Doges, or wandering in the storied streets of Florence, the City of Flowers. It is possible sometimes on the day the voyage ends to reach Venice

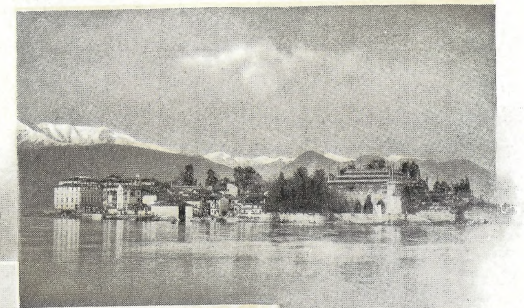
*Forward
Where the
Breezes
Blow*



*Venice
"The City
by the Sea"*



in time to hear the musicians on the Grand Canal that night, or to get to Florence for the late drive in the Cascine. All Northern Italy and its fascinating cities and lovely scenery and wonderful art are within easy reach of this central seaport.



*Lake
Maggiore*

The Rialto, Venice

